

MIRTH and WISDOM,
 IN A
MISCELLANY
 OF
 Different Characters,
 Relating to
Different PERSONS,
 AND
PERSWASIONS.

*Of a Presbyterian, or,
 A Female Hypocrite.*

A Bean.

A Whig.

*A Lawyer's Clerk, or,
 A Pot-Poet.*

An Attorney.

A Detracter.

A Bowling-Green.

A Surgeon.

A Player.

A Tavern.

A Coquet.

*A Pinners-Hall Text-
 Driver.*

*An Unsanctify'd Dun,
 or, A Cruel Creditor.*

A Bayliff's Follower.

The Exchange.

Will's Coffeehouse. A wit.

A Flatterer.

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A Drunkard.

A Prison.

A Courtier.

A Handsom Bay-keeper.

A Young Rake.

A Whore-Master.

A Pretender to Learning

A Tobacconist.

An Upstart Sheriff. or,

A Country Justice.

A Sceptick in Religion.

A Stock-Jobber.



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A Character of a Presbyterian, or, A Female Hypocrite.

IS one in whom all good Women suffer, she Censures her whole Sex ; yet is herself the most liable to Censure amongst 'em. She hates the *Play-house* and *Church* alike ; the one is an Offence to her pretended Sanctity ; the other to her supposed Modesty. The *Surplice* makes her Blush she says ; for it looks as if the *Parson* was in his Shirt. She's generally found with a *Prayer Book* in her Hand, and *Billetdeux* in her Pocket. Her Discourse is still usher'd in with Scripture ; *Religion* is the Text, Bawdy the Application ; and whilst she gives a young Fellow advice against *Wenching*, she slyly insinuates a liking for his *Person*. Her Devotion at Church lies much in the Turning up of her Eyes, and turning down the Leaf in her Book. When she comes home she extols the profound Preacher's Knowledge of the Scripture, to bring her

own in Reputation, and is in a seeming Extasie for his Divinity, when his Person has made him so for his *Humanity*. Superstition is her darling Sin, notwithstanding her Quarrel with *Rome*; for she'll go five Miles to hear Dr. B——s, tho' less than a Quarter's Travel would bring her to a more Edifying Discourse. She doubts of the Virgin *Mary's* Salvation, and dares not Saint her; but she knows her own Place in Heaven, as perfectly as the Pew she keeps a Key to; She's so taken up with *Faith*, she has no room for *Charity*, and understands, but she believes nothing to be a *Vice* in the Brethren, nor *Virtue* in those of a contrary Perswasion. She prefers *Sanctity* without side, more than *Godliness* within; She'd tempt *Adultery* in private less, than a Civil *Salute* in Company. She rails at all Women out of her *Community*, by the Names of *Jezebel* and *Dalilah*; and calls her own Daughters, *Rebeca* and *Abigal*; and not *Ann*, but *Hannah*—The Mis *Prews* look like Pictures in the Hangings in Publick; but the Sanctified Girls are generally *Swingers* in a Corner. She suffers 'em not to learn on the *Spinnet*, because of their affinity with the *Organs*. But is reconcil'd to *Bells* for the Chimes sake, since they were Re-form'd

form'd to the Tune of a *Psalm*. She overflows with the *Bible*, and spills it on every Occasion, and Cants the New Testament all the while she's Beating her Maids. 'Tis a question whether she is more troubled with the Devil, or the Devil with her; she's always Challenging him at his own Weapons, Lying and Hypocrisie, and the Devil finds it a hard Matter to keep his Prerogative. Nothing angers her so much as that Women are not allow'd to Preach, and in this Point only thinks the *Brownists* erroneous; but what she can't at the Church, she can at the Table, where she rails against Sense and Antichrist, till a Capon Wing stops her Mouth, and gives the wearied Girl a little Respit.

She expounds the Priests of *Baal*, reading Ministers, and thinks the Salvation of that Parish as desperate as the *Turks*. In that Destruction is her Business, Scandal her Devotion, Interest her God, and Disimulation her Master piece. She's an everlasting Argument, but I am a weary of her.

A Character of a Beau.

IS one that is born and shap'd for his Cloaths, who acknowledges his Taylor for his Creator, and next to him owes his Being to his Peruke-Maker. And if *Adam* had not fal'n, he had liv'd to no purpose; he congratulates therefore the first Sin, and worships Fig-Leaves that were the Occasion of Bravery. The first Care is his Dress, the next his Body; and in the uniting these Two lies his Soul and Faculties.

His business is the Side Box, the Stage, and the Drawing-room; his Discourse consists of Dress, Equipage, and Ladies, and his extream Politeness in writing *Billetdeux*, which he never fails to shew in all Companies, tho' ten to one they are written by himself, and Copied by some Mercenary Harlot, retain'd by him for that purpose; with these he pretends to divert Women of Honour, who as soon as his Back's turn'd, never fail to laugh at him for't. The nice Management of his *Italian* Snuff-box, and the affected Screw of his Body, makes up a great Part of his Conversation, and the Pains he takes to recommend himself, wou'd set *Heracles*

a Laughing. He's still drawing his Watch out of his Pocket, to make the Company believe he has an Affignation upon his Hands, when indeed he only spends his Minutes in numbring 'em; and the Parings of other Peoples Discourse, are the Rarities of his own. He's perpetually Laughing to shew his white Teeth, and is never serious but with his Taylor, when in a deep Conspiracy for the next new Suit; or when the Bill's to be paid for't; his Satyr against Religion and Scholarship; and the silly Fellow in Black is the Name by which the Parson of his Parish is known. He has the same Value for the Church as he has for the Play-house, and goes to neither for the sake of what he hears there, but what he's to say himself, and to have his Coach and Liveries distinguish'd at the Door. He spends his Forenoons in the Looking glass, and studies what Looks to put on in his Afternoon Visits. His whole Design is bent upon a Fortune, which if he gets, the Coach and Equipage is still supported, if not his fine Cloaths and he proves stale together, and he is commonly buried ere he dies in a Goal, or the Country, two Places equally disagreeable to a Man of his Complexion. If he lives no body takes

takes notice of of him; if he dies there's an End of one that has made an End of his Estate; and so much for one that's even too insignificant for a Character.

A Whig.

IS one that divides his Religion between his Conscience and his Purse, and comes to Church not to serve God, but himself: the face of the Law makes him wear the Masque of the Gospel, which he uses not as a Means to save his Soul, but his Places: He loves Merit well, but not so well as to lose by it. He pawns his Faith for an Office, and brings in his Body to save his Bail. He goes to Church to fit him for an Employ, kneels with the Congregation, but prays by himself; and ask's God forgiveness for coming thither; If he be forc'd to stay for a Sermon, he hangs down his head and frowns out the 3 quarters of an hour, and when he comes home thinks to make amends by abusing the Preacher. Charity is directly against his Principle, yet he swallows the *Communion*, notwithstanding his qualm to't, when it smooths the Way to Preferment. He wou'd make a bad Martyr and good Traveller, for his Conscience is so large he can never go out

out of the Way ; and in a *Jewish* Government, would venture Circumcisi-
on, with a mental Reservation, to be
chief Minister of State.

A Lawyer's-Clerk, or, A Pot- Poet.

IS the Scum of Conversation, with
the Dregs of Wit. *Derby-Ale* and
He are synonymous. The Beauty of
his Character consists in Ugliness ; and
its a meer Wild-goose-Chace to find
out his Meaning ; yet He is the easi-
est Fellow breathing to be *known*, at
the same time that He is difficult to
be *understood*, and *Noverint Universi* is
the most agreeable Motto for him in
the World. To Draw him rightly, is
to Copy from a *Dutch* Drinking Piece,
and his Tobacco and his Writings are
of the same duration, and expire in
Smoke. Ask him, What is the great-
est Help to Poetry, he has an Answer
at his Fingers-ends, and crys, *Drink* :
All his Quotations from the *Latin* con-
sist in *Nunquam nisi Potus ad Arma* ;
and his Conversation is the only Ar-
gument to be found to make out that

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Paradox,

Paradox, *That Talking spoils Company.* His Aim is no higher than the Middle-Gallery, and if his Jests reach them, he out-does the *Mourning-Bride*, and the *Fair-Penitent*. He observes no other *Time* in his Plays, than what his Master allows him; and the Place of Action is where the best Ale is, sometimes here, sometimes there, as the Maggot bites, or his Master calls him to the Duties of the Office, or he carries himself to Perform the Drudgery of the Pot. Design and he are perfect Strangers, and he has no manner of Acquaintance with Decency or Order. His Heroes resemble Bullies at a Gaming-House, and *Peter's* Coffee-house is the Model. He takes Vertue from his Heroine come from *Spring-Garden*, or *Grays-Inn-Walks*, and for him to take a Turn or two with his Sword on, and his Bag left behind him, is to be furnished with Examples of Chastity and Beauty for succeeding Ages. Believe me, he knows no such thing as Sceptism, and *Toland* is a meer Heretick in comparifon of him: He doubts nothing, and makes no scruple of giving his Assent to what Mysteries you please; and to make him appear to you in his right Colours,

ours, he will not stick to own that Religion it self is a Myſtery with him. That he may be diſtinguiſh'd from the Sons of *Apollo*, he excludes Wit out of his Works, as the *Scots* do the Surplice out of the Church, and his Poems read like ſo many Bonds and Indentures, Agreements by which he is bound to maintain the Cauſe of Nonſenſe. They ſeem to be writ in an Ale-houſe, for Similies run like the Tap, and his Invention ebbs and flows at the mercy of the Spiggot, with this difference only, that the Tap is to be prefer'd to his Pen; for whatever Liquor iſſues out at the former, be it never ſo flat, muſt have more Life than what comes from the latter, unleſs any thing can be beneath a *Caput mortuum*. His Pannegyrick is the moſt offensive thing he writes, and his Satyr the moſt Innocent: If you would laugh, deſire him to write Tragedy, or be in a ſerious Temper, read a little of his Comedy. In ſhort, he's a Compound of Moloffes and Aloes, neither bitter nor ſweet; and here's my ſervice to him, in this our Morning's Draught, which is his Reſemblance, a Mug of Purl; and ſo I leave him to take up his Maſter's Bag, and

look like *Tea* and *Nay* the *Conney-skin-Man*, at my Lord Keeper's.

An Attorney.

A Desk, a Pennyworth of Pens and Ink, and a Quire of Paper set him up, where he now sits in State for all Comers. We can't call him a great Author, yet he writes very much, and with the Infamy of the Court is maintain'd in his Libels. He has some smatch of the Scholar, yet uses *Latin* very rarely, and lest it should accuse him, cuts it off in the middle, and will by no means let it speak out. His poor Country Clients worship him more than their Landlord; and he is sure of a Feast from Avarice it self, when once it comes under the Law. He first racks him, then delivers him to the Lawyers for Execution: He has always the Marks of Hast in his Face, and Business in his Hand, *viz.* a roguish Look, and a scowl of Paper. He talks Statutes as fiercely, as if he had mooted seven Years in the Inns of Court; when all his Skill is stuck in his Office-window. What has destroy'd many a Man's Fortune, upholds his,

his, Strife and Contention. His hurry of Business leaves him no thought for his Conscience; nor does he much mind Doom's-Day, for he hopes he has a Trick to reverse Judgment.

A Detractor.

IS one of a cunning and active Genius, a Fellow that would have no body esteem'd but himself, yet like a Hound in a Fault, takes the wrong Scent, in pursuit after a Reputation. He is strangely ambitious to match others, not by raising his own Worth, but by bringing them down to his own Level. He is indeed like the red Dragon that pursu'd the Woman, for when he cannot over-reach another, he opens his Mouth, and casts a Flood after to drown him. You can't vex him worse, than to do well; and he hates you more heartily for this, than if you had robb'd him of his Patrimony. He is always slighting the general Opinion, and running counter to the publick Approbation. He is like one in the yellow Jaundice, who thinks all things of one Colour, be they never so different. Commend
a grave

a grave Divine, he crys Postilling; a Philologer, Pedantry; a Poet, Rhiming; a School-man, dull Wrangling; a Repartee, meer Flash; and an honest Man, Plausibility. He comes to Plays, and publick Places, not to see Beauties, but to find Fault; and if there be but one Solœcism, that's all he carries away. He looks on all things with a prepar'd Sowerness, and is still furnished with a *Pissh* before-hand: If respect to the Company make him second a Commendation, it is like an Act of Parliament, tagg'd with a Clause and Exception; or to smoothe the way to some greater Scandal, he will grant you something, and bate more, and this bating, shall in conclusion, take away all he granted. His Speech concludes still with an *Oh! but*; and, *I cou'd with one thing amended*; and this one thing shall be enough to deface all his former Commendations. He will be very intimate with a Man, to fish some ill out of him, to make his Calumnies more Authentick, when it is said a Friend reported it. He will inveigle you into bad Company, to get your good Name into his Clutches, and make you drunk, to shew your Reeling. He passes the
more

more plaufibly, becaufe all Men have a fmatch of his Humour, and that is taken for Freenefs, which is no other than downright Malice. If he can fay nothing of a Man, he will feem to fpeak Riddles, as if he cou'd tell ftrange Stories if he would; and when he has rack'd his Invention to the utmoft, he ends, *But he is my Friend, and therefore I muft hold my peace.* In fhort, he is one that has loft all Good himfelf, and is loth to find it in another. He is a Man that is at fuch a diftance from Honour or Juftice, that he that has any knowledge of either, can fay little or nothing of him.

A Bowling-Green.

IS a Place where there are three Things thrown away befides Bowls, *viz.* Time, Money, and Curfes; the laft, ten for one. The beft Sport in it, is a fight of the Gamefters, and the Looker on enjoys it more than him that plays. It is the School of Wrangling, nay worfe than the Schools, for Men will cavil here for a Hairs bredth, and make a Difpute, where a Straw might end
the

the Controversie. No Antick screws his Body into such strange Postures; and you wou'd think 'em mad, to hear 'em make Supplication to their Bowls, and exercise their Rhetorick to intreat a good Cast. The Betters, are the factious Noise of the Green, or the Gamblers Beads-men, that pray for 'em. They resemble those that are cheated at Court, for they lose their Money, and must say nothing. It is the Microscope to discover the Humour of Mankind by, where you'll see a variety of Impatience; some Fretting, some Railing, some Swearing, and others, more ridiculously, Comfort themselves with Philosophy. To give you the Moral of it, it is the Emblem of the World, or the World's Ambition; where most are short, or over, or wide or wrong byass'd, and some few juggle into the Mistress Fortune: And it is here, as in the Court, where the nearest are most frightened, and all Blows are aim'd at him that has the happiness to touch the Block, and arrive at the Goal of his Expectations.

A Surgeon.

IS one whose Business lies about this little House of Man. Nature is the Architect, and he is the Plaisterer; it is oftner out of Reparations than an old Parsonage, and then he is set on work to patch it up again. He deals most in broken Commodities; and his Gains are ill got, for he thrives by the Hurts of his Country. He differs from a Physician, as a Sore from a Disease; the one poisons you within, the other blisters you without. He complains of this cowardly Age; and thinks the Law against Duelling, was made on purpose to wound his Vocation. He had been long since undone, if the Charity of the Masks had not reliev'd him, from whom he has a Tribute as duely as the Pope. He is a Stranger to pity, and holds a rich Patient longer in pain, than the Court of Chancery does a Cause; and tells you what danger you were in, had he staid a Minute longer: And tho' but a prickt Finger, he'd make of it much Matter. He is a cleanly Man, considering the Scabs he has to deal
 e with;

with ; and fine Ladies are sometimes beholden to him for their best Dressings. He curses old Women, and their Charity, that make his Trade their Passport to Heaven ; but above all, the Sparks that go over to fight in *Flanders*, and wishes 'em drown'd in their Passage, for he is so far a Protestant, that he hates the *French* should get his Custom.

A Player.

Knows the right use of the World, wherein he comes to play a Part, and so away, if he would but live up to his Knowledge. He can't be said to lead an idle Life, for he is always in Action. No Man ought to be more circumspect in his Dealings, for the Eyes of all Men are upon him. His Profession is a kind of contradiction, for none is more dislik'd, yet none is more applauded ; too much Wit makes him a Fool, and too little does the same by the Author : And like a painted Woman, he is seldom in his own Face, seldomer in his Cloaths ; and pleases the better, the better he counterfeits ; he personates in the Sheet as well as on the

the Stage, and is still mask'd in the Habit of a Gentleman : His Parts furnish him with Discourse *a propo* to all Company ; tho' he often swears Oaths that he never conn'd, and forgets 'em as soon as the Quality he represented. The *Abigals* are over Head and Ears in Love with the buskin'd Hero ; and he is sometimes admitted to Act in the Chambers of their Ladies. To give him his due, He can set off the worst Things to the best advantage, and can do Justice to the best. *Tom Durfey* owes his Being to him, and *Old-mixon* had been Dust and Ashes, as well as his mortal Works, were it not for him ; and he that can make either of these please, or meet with a Reception in the World, take my Word for it, has enough upon his Hands, and must meet with Difficulties. Let his Person be but sizable, and for Resolution, he shall challenge any *Cato* ; for his Practice has been to die bravely.

A Tavern.

IS some Degrees, or, if you please, some Pair of Stairs above an Ale-house, where Men are drunk with more Credit and Apology. The Vintner's Nose may supply the place of a Sign, which is commonly red, to shew he is not asham'd of his Calling. The Rooms generally stink as ill as the Morning-breath of those that were drunk in 'em over Night: Not furnish'd with Beds, but more necessary Implements, *viz.* Chairs, a Table, and a Jordan. It is a Broacher of more News than Hogs-heads, and more Jests than News, which are suckt up here by some spongy brain'd Poet, and from thence squeez'd into a Comedy. Men come here to make merry, but, indeed, make a noise, and this Musick above, is answer'd with clinking of Pots below. The Drawers are the civilest People in it, Men of good bringing-up, and however we esteem them, none can boast more justly of their *High-Calling*. 'Tis the best Theatre in the World, where Nature is truly acted: They pass all their Degrees

grees in a Minute, from the bottom of the Cellar, to the top of the Garret, and can ascend and descend when they please. No Place in the World has such various Cause for resort; Men come hither to Quarrel, and likewise to be made Friends: And if *Ovid* will stand by his own Assertion, it is even *Telephus* his Sword, that both makes Wounds and cures them. It is the Destroyer of the Afternoon, and the Murderer, or Maker-away of a rainy Day. It is the *Torrid-Zone* that scorches the Face, while up, and the *Frigid*, that freezes all the manly Parts, when a-bed. Tobacco is the Gun-powder that blows it up. Much harm would be done, if the charitable Vintner had not Water ready to quench these Flames. A House of Sin you may call it, but not a House of Darknes, for the Candles are never out; and like the Northern Countries, 'tis as light at Midnight, as at Noon-day. After a long sitting, it looks like the Street in a dashing Shower, where the Spouts are flushing above, and the Conduits running below, while the Jordans, like swelling Rivers, overflow their Banks. To give you a total Account of it;
It

It is the busy Man's Recreation, the idle Man's Business, the melancholy Man's Sanctuary, the Crack's Market, the Stranger's Welcome, the Student's Entertainment, the Scholar's Kindness, and the Trades-man's Courtesy; it is the Study of Wits, and a Cup of Canary their Book; where we will leave them.

A Coquet.

IS a Spruce Gay Popet Nature sets up for a Show: A sort of Something that signifies Nothing. And as the *Jews* of Old, would Compass Sea and Land to gain a Profelyte; and after all their Pains, leave him ten times wore than they found him: So she spreads all her Artillery; puts on every ingaging Air, to make a Lover only; to make the Man an Ass. Nothing racks her very Soul like hearing another Woman prais'd, or seeing her in a new Fashion first. She Admires a Crowd of Admirers at once; and to shew the top of her Management, she distributes her Favours equally: She
Smiles

Smiles on one, Winks on t'other, and Drinks to the Third ; the Fourth she Admires for his Air, the Fifth for his Dress, and the Sixth for his talent in Poetry, &c. She is sure to rail at the absent Party, the better to Endear her self with the Present, who infalliably, in his turn, has the same Sauce. Let her Complexion be never so good, she still uses Paint, that she may appear more Fair ; and seems to find fault with what God hath given her, by correcting a Feature with a Patch, that other People may not find fault with what she has giv'n her self : And the better to shew her fine Bottle and white Hand, she is ever complaining of the Vapors : but she never has the Spleen so effectually, as when a Man Addresses a Lady in her Company. In reality she loves nothing but her dear self ; though she professes a tender Regard for every thing that comes in her way, but the next Mirrour (for which she has a violent Passion) puts the rest of the World quite out of her Head. She Dresses for all Mankind ; yet seldom secures any one of them. She is of too many Minds to be lik'd by one Man ; and of too few good Qua-

Qualities to be approved of by many. To sum up the whole, she neither looks as she should, speaks as she should, thinks as she should, nor acts as she should; and I should have less to do than I should, had I any thing farther to say of her.

A Pinner's-Hall Text-Driver.

IS a diseas'd Piece of Apocrypha; bind him to the Bible and he corrupts the whole Text: Ignorance is the true Mother of his Devotion: As for his Father, he is not such a Fool as to pretend to know him. His Life is but a borrowed blast of Wind: for between two Religions, as between two Doors, he is ever whistling. His fiery Zeal keeps him continually co-five, which withers him into his own Translation; and till he eat a School-man he is ever Hyde-bound. He exclaims perpetually against *Non-Residents*, but is himself the greatest *Discontinuer*, for he never keeps near his Text. Any thing that the Law allows but Marriage, and a Cup of the best Ale;

Ale, he murmurs at ; and what it forbids and holds for Dangerous, makes him a Discipline and a fresh Tenet to stand by. Where the Gate stands open he is ever looking for a Stile ; and where his Learning ought to climb he creeps through. Give him Advice, you run into *Traditions* ; and urge the Necessity of a *Modest Behaviour*, he cries out, *Popery, my Brethren ; the Language of the Beast and his detested Councils*. His greatest Care is to condemn Obedience ; his last Care to serve God handsomely and cleanly. Decency and Order are Words to be flung out of his New-Testament ; and as he has 'em not in his Mind you are not to expect 'em in his Actions. He is such a perverse sort of a Teacher, that should the Church enjoin clean Shirts, in opposition to its Injunctions he would be Lousie. More Sense than single Prayers is not his, nor more in those Prayers than the same Petitions over and over again : From whence you may Conclude, he either fears a learned Faith, or doubts God understands not at first hearing, and has a very ill Memory. Shew him a Surplice and he'll run from it as a Ghost in a winding Sheet ;

and hates square Dealing as ally'd to square Caps and Prelacy. A Pair of Organs blow him out of Company, and are the only Glister-pipes to cool him. Where the Meat is best, there he Confutes most; for his Arguing is but the Efficacy of his Eating. Good Bits he holds breed good Positions; and the Pope he best concludes against in Tarts and Custards. He is often drunk, but not as we are, *Temporally*; nor can his Sleep then Cure him, for the Fumes of his Ambition make his very Soul reel; and Silence, which should be instead of small Beer to cool him, keeps him more surfeited, and makes him break-out in Private Houses. Women and Lawyers are his best Disciples; the one next Fruit, longs for *forbidden Doctrine*, the other to maintain *forbidden Titles*, both which he sows amongst 'em. Honest he dares not be, for that is a Vertue, should, or does, belong to Episcopacy: yet if he can be brought to Ceremony, and made but Master of it, that is, get the highest Preferment, there lives not such another Convert. To define him rightly, is to give him the Name of a demure Creature, full of Oral Sanctity, but
Men,

Mental Impiety : A fair Object to the Eye, but stark naught for the Understanding : He has Nick-nam'd all the Prophets and Apostles with his Sons ; and begets nothing but *Priscilla's* and *Aquila's* for his Daughters. In short, he pretends to be assured of Salvation ; so that he will not change Places with the Virgin *Mary* without something to Boot.

An unsanctified Dun, or a cruel Creditor.

IS a Man with a wild Beast's Aspect ; a Wound in a Debtor's side, that cannot be cured but by a Mineral from the Mines of *Potosy* ; is a Fellow that Torments Men for their good Conditions. He is one of *Deucalion's* Sons, begotten of a Stone. The Marble Images in the *Temple Church* somewhat resemble him ; only when he lays down he has no Hopes to rise again to Salvation. He is a Catch-pole's Mornings Draught ; for the News of such a Man's being come to Town, is a Pint and a Writ in his Hand at once. He is the Blood-hound of the Law, and hunts

Counter very swiftly, and with great Judgment. He has a quick Scent to smell out his Game, and a good deep Mouth to pursue it; yet never opens till he bites, and bites not till he kills, or at least draws, and then he pincheth most doggedly. He is a Lawyer's Pad-Nag, and the only Beast upon which he *Amble*s so often to *Westminster*, and a Lawyer is his God-Almighty: In him only he Trusts, to him he flies in all his Troubles, from him he seeks Succour; to him he Prays, that he may by his Means overcome his Enemies. Him does he Worship both in the *Temple* and *Abroad*; and hopes by him and *Good Angels*, to prosper in all his *Actions*. A Scrivener is his Farrier, and helps to recover all his diseas'd and maim'd Obligations. From the beginning of *Hillary* Term, to the End, his Purse is full of Quicksilver, so that it sets him a running from Sunrise to Sun-set up *Fleet-street*, and so to the *Chancery*, from thence to *Westminster*, and so from one Court to another, till he is forc'd to go Home and recruit his Spirits and his Pocket, for another Foot-match next Morning. If he were to be hang'd, unless he could be

be saved by his Book, he cannot for his Heart call out for a Psalm of Mercy: and tho' he will not bate a Farthing of a Debt due from his Neighbour, he makes bold with his God, and leaves out of the Lord's Prayer, *Forgive us our Trespases, as we forgive them that have trespassed against us.* He is in part an Arithmetician; cunning enough in Multiplication and Addition, but cannot abide Substraction. *Summa Totalis*, is the Language of his *Canaan*; and *usque ad ultimum Quadrantem*, the Period of all his Charity. He is an Act of Parliament, Trap-baited with Parchment and Wax: the fearful Mice he catches are Debtors, with whom scratching Attornies, (like Cats) play a good while, and then Mouze them. The Belly is an unsatiable Creditor, but Man is worse.

A Bayliff's Follower.

IS a Hanger that a Bayliff wears by his side: It's a false *Die* of the same *Bale*, but not the same cut, for it runs somewhat higher, and does more Mischief. It is a Tumbler to drive in the
Co.

Conies. He is yet but a Bungler, and knows not how to cut up a Man without tearing, but by a Pattern. One Term Fleshes him, or a Verge of the Court Breakfast. The Devil is but his Father-in-law, and yet for the Love he bears him, will leave him as much as if he were his own Child; and for that cause, instead of Prayers, he does every Morning ask him Blessing in *Flying-Horse-Court*, and thrives the better in his *Actions* all the Day after. This is the Hook that hangs under Water to choak the Fish, and his Master is the Quil above Water, which pops down so soon as ever the Bait is swallowed. It is, indeed, an *Otter*, and a more terrible destroyer of the two. This *Clare-Market Rat* has a Tail as long as his Fellows, but his Teeth are more sharp, and he more Hungry, because he does but snap, and has not his full half share of the Booty. The Eye of this Wolf is as quick in his Head, as a Pick-pocket's in *St. Paul's Choir*; and he is as nimble at his Business, as a Hang-man at an Execution. His Office is as the Dogs, to worry the Sheep first, or drive him to the Shambles; the Butcher

cher that cuts his Throat steps out afterwards, and that's his Office. His Living lies near *Drury-lane*, or *Holborn Bars*; but his Conscience is got on the other side of the Water, and lies buried with the poor Souls he has drag'd away to Prison, in the Common-side of the *Marshalsea*. This Eel is bred out of the Mud of some cast Tradesman, and dies commonly with his Guts rip'd up; or he makes his Exit at the sign of the three Trees near *Paddington*. He will very greedily take a cut with a Sword, and suck more Silver out of the Wound than his Surgeon shall. His Beginning is detestable, his Courses desperate, and his End damnable.

The Exchange.

IS the Land's Epitome, or you might call it the Little Isle of *Great Britain*, did the Waters encompass it. It is more, 'tis the whole World's Map, which you may here discern in its perfectest Motion, justling and turning. 'Tis a vast heap of Stones, and the confusion of Languages makes it resemble *Babel*.

Babel. The noise in it, is like that of Bees; a strange Humming or Buzzing, of walking Tongues and Feet; it is a kind of a still Roaring, or loud Whisper. It is the great Exchange of all Discourse; and no Business almost whatsoever, but is here on Foot. All things are sold here, and Honesty by Inch of Candle; but woe be to the Purchaser, for it will never thrive with him. Is a Man a Whore-master, he may here be furnish'd with dry and wet Nurses for his Bastard; and even amidst this Croud of Reformers, there are Bills stuck up here and there, to encourage Debauchery. It is the Antick of Tails to Tails; and for Vizards, you need go no further than Faces. It is the general Mint of all famous Lies, all Inventions are emptied here, and not a few Pockets, tho' their chief study is how to get Money, to spend at their leisure, in Plays, Taverns, and a Baudy-house; Their Wives and they know best how to deal with one and another, and the Game of Trick for Trick is always in Fashion with 'em, as one does by the Gallant, what t'other by Curtezan; and when their Vices have brought them to ruin,

in, they have this advantage over the rest of the World, to charge it on Storms and they.

Will's Coffee-house. *A Wit.*

IS one that spends on the Stock, without any Revenues coming in, and will shortly be no Wit at all; for if Learning is the Fuel to Wit, if he is not stockt with it, out goes the Fire, and he's a Bankrupt in an instant. A sharp conceit or two weakens him, and the loss of his Brain is beyond recovery; what remains of him, is all Bubble and Flash, darted out on the sudden, which if you take while they are warm, may be laught at, but if they cool, vanish into nothing. He speaks best on the first apprehension, for meditation stupifies him, and the more he is in travail, the less he brings forth. He is sometimes in poetick Raptures, but seldom above the Stature of an Epigram, and that with some relief out of *Martial*, which is the ordinary Companion of his Pocket. Such Men are commonly the trifling Things of this World, fit to make other Folks
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merry;

merry, and be sad themselves, whom Men only have to do withal, when they have nothing else to do, and none are less their Friends, than who are most their Company. All their Words go for Jest, and all their Jest for nothing. They are quick in the Fancy of some ridiculous Thing, and reasonable good in the Expression. Nothing stops a Jest when it is coming; and they had rather lose their Friend than their Wit. They emphatically Rail, are emphatically Dull, and emphatically Beaten: In short, They are such, whose Life is but to laugh, and be laught at; and only Wits in Jest, and Fools in earnest.

A Flatterer.

IS the Picture of a Friend, and his Looks much fairer than the Substance. A true Friend dares take the liberty to be sometimes offensive, when the other will never ruffle your Humour, for fear of losing you; for a sour Look frights him, and makes him fear a casheering; and this is an infallible Mark of him, He is never first angry,

angry, but ready, tho' in his own wrong, to make satisfaction. He is never found with the Poor, but still with those whose Fortunes deserve the pains he takes to deceive them. He immediately grows perfect in his Humours, and that way enters into his Soul, of which, in a short time, he is able to take the very Print, and thus makes a false Key to all your Secrets: He squares his Affections with yours, and is still before-hand with your Thoughts, and can tell what you mean e'er you speak: He never slips an opportunity of commending what he knows you like; and has always an absurd Tale of your Enemy, and then wonders how your two Opinions shou'd jump in that Man. He asks your Counsel, only to persuade you, that he has a regard and preference for your Judgment, and invents Secrets, on purpose to disclose 'em to you. He listens to your Words, and admires whatever you say, tho' he'll sometimes object, that you may confute him, then he protests, he never heard a Man of such profound Sense before. If you chance to speak a witty Thing, it bursts his sides with laughing, and he is sure to repeat it in all Company,

pany, and laughs again in the telling. He never chides you but for your Vertues, as——— *You are too good, too honest, too religious, &c.* And indeed, it is his Business so to do, for your Vice is the Vertue which he makes of his own Necessity; thus at last he engrosses you all, and wants but a Bribe to betray you. 'Tis a happiness not to discover him, for as long as you are Happy, you shall not.

A High-Flyer.

IS a Paper Kite, the *Pope* is the Lanthorn at the Tail of it, and the higher he flies the faster he draws Popery after him. He screws up Religion to such a pitch, that it may be ready to break upon the first Opportunity that offers to his Interest. The good of the Church is his Pretence, but Ambition his End: and when the Scale is loaden with Honours, you are sure of his casting Vote. He stickles hard against Dissenters, but is in Charity with *Rome*; and to extirpate the first would submit to the last. He measures the good of his Country by the

the hight of his Passions, or the depth of his Pocket, and if they two be satisfied, he cares not who Rules. He quarrels about Names and Ceremonies, till he justles Religion out of Doors: and she is no where to be found less than in those that profess her most. He is, and he is not, as Occasion serves, and like the *Jews*, for their *Messiah*, in readiness for a new Revolution. He is one that has exchanged Reason for Madness; and *Jehu* like, drives on so furiously, he had rather be over-turn'd than lose the least Inch of his Power. In a Word, he is more Knave than Fool, and more Fool than Christian, &c.

A Drunkard.

IS one that will be a Man to morrow Morning, but is now what you will make him; for he is in the Power of the next Man he meets; if a Friend, the better. He is one that is broke loose from Reason, and lies open to the Mercy of every Temptation; no Lust but finds him disarm'd and Fenceless, and with the least Assault enters. If
any

any Mischief escapes him, 'twas not his fault, he lay as fair for't as he could. Every Body sees him, as *Cham* saw his Father, the first of this Sin, an uncovered Man; and tho' his Garment be on, the most secret Parts of his Soul lie naked. All his Passions, all his Vanities are now discovered; those shameful Humours which sober Discretion Cloths, all now are exposed: His Body becomes at last a miry Way, where the over-charg'd Spirits are clogged, and cannot pass; all his Members are out of Office, and his Heels do but trip up one another. He is a blind Man with Eyes, and a Cripple with Legs. He is the greatest Enemy to himself, and the next to his Friend, and that most in his Kindness, which is but trying a Mastery, who shall sink down first; and Men commonly come from him as from a Battle, wounded and bound up. Nothing takes a Man off more from his Credit or Business, or makes him more wretchedly Careless. Indeed a continual Drunkard dares not enter on a serious Thought or a Reflection, for if he does, 'tis such a melancholy one, that it sends him to be drunk again.

A Prison.

IS the Grave of the living, where they are shut up from the World and their Friends; and the Worms that gnaw upon them, their own Thoughts, the Jaylor, and their Creditors. A House of Meagre Looks and ill Smells: For Lice, Drink and Tobacco are the Compound. *Pluto's* Court was exprest from this Fancy, and the Persons resemble one another. You may ask, as *Menippus* in *Lucian*, which is *Nireus*, which *Thirsis*, which the *Beggar*, which the *Knight*, for they are hardly to be distinguish'd; only to be out at Elbows is in Fashion here, and a great Indecorum not to be Thread-bare. Every Man here shews like so many Wracks upon the Sea; here the Ribs of a thousand Pound, there the Relick of so many Manours: this is a Spectacle of more Pity than Executions are. The Company, one with another, is but a vying of Complaints, and the causes they have to rail

rail on Fortune, and fool themselves ;
 and there is a great deal of good Fel-
 lowship in this. They are commonly,
 next their Creditors, most bitter against
 the Lawyers, or Men that have had a
 great stroke in sending them hither.
 Mirth here is Stupidity or Hard-heart-
 edness ; yet they feign it sometimes, to
 pass off Melancholy, and secure them-
 selves from themselves, and the tor-
 ment of thinking what they have been.
 Men huddle up their Life here as a
 thing of no use, and wear it out like
 an old Shirt, the faster the better ; and
 he that deceives the time best, best
 spends it. It is the place where Stran-
 gers are best Welcom'd ; and their
 Joys are never greater than when they
 hear of the increase of their miserable
 Companions, because they are in hopes
 of a Garnish. This Place teaches Wis-
 dom, but commonly too late ; and
 a Man had better be a Fool than come
 here to learn Wit.

A Courtier.

IS one that holds all his Acquaintance at the same rate they begin; a Compliment makes up his first Speech, and his last, and if you enter upon him further you lose him. Methinks *Virgil* paints him right in those obliging and well-manner'd Ghosts *Aeneas* met with, that were Friends to talk with, and Men to look on, but when grasp'd but Air. He is one that lies kindly to you for good Breeding sake, but 'tis ungentle in you to believe him. His Words are but so many fair Promises, put together in a fine Phrase, which serve equally for all Men, and to no purpose; each fresh Encounter makes him repeat what he said to the last that was with him, for they are ever reverenc'd alike. He gives to all the low Salute, the close Hugg, and the modish Kiss, and is every Man's humble Servant to command. His Proffers are universal and general; but if you urge him to particulars, you lose him, tho' he is sometimes retriev'd by the golden Elixir. Promises he calls polite and man-
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nerly

nerly, and when you expect the Performance, cries, *'Tis an unbred Taste, that can't distinguish between what is spoken, and what is meant.* None gives better satisfaction at first sight, nor comes off with a greater Elogie of an obliging Gentleman, till you know him better, and then you know him to be nothing; and commonly those rail most at him, that have most commended him. The best of it is, he cozens you with fair words, and abuses you with abundance of respect.

A handsom Bar-keeper.

INvites more than the Bush. She's the Loadstone that attracts Men of Steel, both those that wear it to some purpose, and those that wear it to none. They buz about the Bar like Bees about the Hive; and provided they have her sweet Kisses, they never find Fault with the Wine; thus they poison two Senses at once, the Sight and the Taste. If you have her Company, the Reckoning is soundly inhanc'd, yet never disputed. No City Dame is demurer than she at first Greeting, nor draws in her Mouth

Mouth with a chaster Simper; but in a little time you may be more familiar, and she'll bear a double *Entandre* without blushing---- You must treat her with what she likes, but which is sure to be the dearest in the Cellar; her Pint-and-half Bottles pass current, for there's no fault to be found in her Company. She may be an honest Woman, but the whole World believes to the contrary. Her Husband is blinded by the Profit, always half drunk to keep up his Spirits; for shou'd he grow sober, and open his Eyes, he'd run Horn-mad.

A young Rake.

IS now out of Nature's Protection, tho' not able to guide himself; expos'd to the World, and Fortune, from which the weakness of his Childhood preserv'd him. He is just old enough to be Miserable, yet in his own Opinion, just arriv'd at Happiness. He judges of Men by their out-side, and takes all for Gold that glisters. He places his Joys in Vanity, and spends more Time in studying to be Vicious, than is required for the

practice of Vertue. His Reason rules not his Appetite, but his Appetite has the Government of his Reason. Instead of avoiding Temptation, he searches all Places to find it. He leaves Repentance for the Grey-hair'd Season; and tho' he hates nothing more, yet hastens it on as fast as he can, by his riotous Living. He longs to be acquainted with the Vices in Fashion; and sins to better his Understanding. He conceives his Youth to be the proper time for his Lust, and the Hour wherein he ought to be bad. He has a distast for Religion, as a shocking thing, and is ten Years older at the Thought of a future State. He loves and hates, he knows not why. His Friendship is bought by a Bottle, and perhaps lost before it is drunk out; his Love and Anger are both rash and inconsiderate; he offers you his Blood in Fondness to Day, and is ready to take yours to Morrow. He is a Ship without Pilot or Tack-lines, and only good Fortune can steer him; and if he scape *Tyburn*, a Rapier, and the Pox, he may live to be Old; but it is almost next to an impossibility, that he can live till he is Wise.

A Whore-Master.

IS the Servant of many Mistresses, which indeed are all but his Lust, and to which he is only faithful, and spends his best Blood and Spirits in the service. His Soul is the Bawd to his Body, and his Body the pains-taker for the Soul, that drudges on to condemn it. No Man abuses more the name of Love; for his is like his Stomach, to feed on what he likes, and the end of it to surfeit and loath, till a fresh Appetite rekindles him, and every new Face sets him on Fire. There is a great deal of Malignity in this Vice, for it loves still to spoil the best things. No Man laughs more at his Sin than himself, and the remembrance does tickle him extremely. A double *entendre* enters deep into him; and whatever you speak he'll wrest it to smut, if possible; and his Wit is a mere *non Entity* without it. He speaks the worst of himself; and Men believe as bad of him, and yet in any thing else will not believe him at all. Nothing, in his Opinion is more absurd than a chaste Man,

Man, or deserves more to be laugh-
 at. If you tell him of a Maid at six-
 teen, he holds up his Hands and cries
 out, *a Miracle*. From this Mistrust it
 is, that such Men fear Marriage, and
 never venture on a Woman under fif-
 ty, whom they never Carefs but when
 disappointed else where, so make their
 Wife a revenue to their Mistress. They
 are Men not easily Reformed, because
 they believe it no Sin, but still bring
 in their Plea of Nature. The Pox on-
 ly Converts 'em, and that only when
 it kills 'em.

A Pretender to Learning.

IS one that would make others more
 Fools than himself: For tho' he
 knows nothing, he would not have the
 World know so much. He is, indeed,
 a kind of Scholar Mountebank; and
 his Art the Stander by's Delusion. He
 is drest out in all the Accouterments
 of Learning; and at first sight none pas-
 ses better. He is oftener in his Study
 than at his Book; and you can't please
 him more than to mistake him, that he
 may tell his meaning. He hears you
 not

not till the third knock, and then comes out Angry, as Interrupted. You find him in his Slippers, with a Pen in his Wig, in which formality he was asleep. On his Table you are sure to find some Classick Folio, which is as constant to it as the Carpet, and had laid open in the same Page this half Year. His Candle is always a longer sitter-up than himself, and the boast of his Window at Night. He walks much alone, in the Posture of Meditation; and now and then looks in a Book without reading. His Pocket is seldom without a *Greek Testament*, or *Hebrew Bible*, which he opens only in the Church, and that when some Stander-by looks over his Shoulder. He has Sentences adapted to all Company; some Gleanings of *Seneca* and *Tacitus*, serve upon all occasions. What he reads in the Morning comes up at Dinner; as long as that lasts the Discourse is his. His Wit is the meer scraps of his Company; yet he complains at parting, what Time he has lost. He is very Capricious, and would have you think it Judgment, and listen with a sower Attention to what he don't understand, to avoid giving his Opinion. He talks
much

much of *Scaliger*, and *Casaubon*, and the Jesuits; and prefers some unheard of *Dutch* Name before them all. He has Verses to bring in upon these and these Hints, and it shall go hard but he'll hedge in an Opportunity to repeat 'em. He is Critical in a Language he can't Construe; and seldom speaks under *Arminius* in Divinity. His Business is Retirement, and *Caller-away* is his Study, and he protests no Delight is comparable to it; yet in his Heart wishes nothing more than t'other Bottle or a Wench. He is a great *Nomenclature* of Authors, which he has read in general in the Catalogue, and in particular in the Title, but seldom goes so far as the Dedication: Talks of nothing but Learning, and learns all from talking. Three Encounters with the same Men pump him, and then he only puts in, or gravely says nothing. He has taken pains to be an Ass, tho' not to be a Scholar, and meets at last with the Reward of his Pretensions, which is to be discovered and laughed at.

A Tobacconist.

IS the only Man that finds that good in it that others brag of; for it is Meat, Drink and Cloth to him. His Shop is the Rendezvous of Spitting, where many Dialogize with their Noses, and their Conversation is Smoke. It is the place only where *Spain* is commended and preferred before *England*. He should be well experienced in the World, for he has daily trials of Men's Nostrils; and none is better acquainted with Humours. He has generally a Perquisite belongs to his Trade, call'd Brandy, which is the Bawd to his Tobacco, and that to his Wife, which is the Flame that follows this Smoke.

An upstart Sheriff, or, A Country Justice.

HE has doft the Name of Clown, but has not parted with the Looks; his Face bears still the relish of churm'd Milk, his Coat is daubed with Gold-lace, far beyond his Neighbour's, yet his Body and Mein still
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make his Cloaths out of Fashion. His House-keeping is augmented, and his Family increased by a Pack of Dogs, and the deepness of their Throats is the depth of his Discourse: He is a Justice of Peace only to domineer, and do his Neighbour wrong; and very scandalous in his Authority, for few Sins scape him; he will be drunk with his Hunters for Company, and stain his new made Gentility with droppings of Ale. He lies with his Maids, to mimick the *London* Gentry, and does not lie with his Wife, because, if he did, he should not follow the Proceedings at Court. His Complexion is like his Hall, Wainscot, and his Throat furr'd up with Ale, and as black as his Kitchen Chimney. The Assize-week, are his Days of State, and what my Lord Judge said to him, is his whole Years Discourse: In fine, He is but a Clod of his own Earth; or his Land is the Dunghil, and he the Cock that crows over it; and commonly the upstart Race is quickly run, and his Childrens Children return to the Plough-Tail, from whence they came.

A Sceptick in Religion.

IS one that hangs in the Ballance with all sorts of Opinions, neither turns the Scale this way nor that way, but shews his Justice at the same time that he shews his Indifference, by being equally inclinable to give the preference to all Religions alike. It is out of his belief of every thing, that he believes nothing fully. Each Religion frights him from its contrary, none perswades him to its self. He would be wholly a Christian, but that he is something of an Atheist, and wholly an Atheist, but that he has a smattering of Christianity. A perfect Heretick, but that there are so many to distract him, his Complaisance makes him comply with 'em. He finds Reason in all Opinions, Truth in none. Indeed, the least Reason perplexes him, and the greatest will not satisfy him. His properest Name is, *A wild Christian*. He is not to be specializ'd by any Form, but capable of all. He professeth the Religion of the Land he liveth in, because it is next to him, yet he sees not why he may not adhere to any other, on account of the

Doctrines it makes profession of. He makes choice of this, not as the better, but because there is not a Pin to chuse. He more readily finds Doubts and Scruples, than resolves 'em; is always entering the Lists of Disputation with himself, and always too hard for himself. His Learning is too much for his Brain, and his Judgment too little for his Learning, and his too good Opinion of both, spoils all. He hammers, and dwells much in general upon the uncertainty of our Hypothesis; and the possibility of erring, makes him not venture on what is true. He admires at the growth of Religion, as if it was a Contrivance, and is more backward in giving his Assent to it on account of the situation of the Places where it made its Progress; *Its strange, and very odd, cries he, that Protestantism shou'd be born so in England, and Popery abroad, and that Fortune and the Stars shou'd so much share in it.* In our own Differences with Rome, he is strangely unfix'd, and a new Man every new Day, as his last Discourse, Books, or Meditations transport him. He cou'd like the grey Hairs of Popery, did not some of their Tenets stagger him; he wou'd
come

come to us, but our new Name frights
 him; he is taken with their Miracles,
 but doubts an Imposture, and would
 have a greater Veneration for the Doc-
 trines of the reformed Churches, but
 they seem too empty and naked. He
 cannot drive into his Fancy the circum-
 scription of Truth to our Corner, and
 is as hardly perswaded to think their
 old Legends true. He approves well of
 our Faith, and more of their Works.
 He will sometimes propound much to
 us upon the reading of a good Author,
 and at *Bellarmino*, recoils as far back
 again; and the Fathers juggle him from
 one side to another. Now *Socinus* and
Vorstius afresh torture him, and he a-
 grees with none worse than himself. He
 puts his Foot into Heresies tenderly, as a
 Cat in the Water, and pulls it out again;
 and still something unanswer'd delays
 him, yet he bears away something of e-
 very thing, and you may sooner pick all
 Religions out of him, than one in particu-
 lar. He cannot think so many wise Men
 should be in an Error, nor so many
 honest Men out of the Way; and his
 wonder is doubled, when he sees those
 oppose one another. He hates Autho-
 rity, as the Tyrant of Reason, and you
 can-

cannot anger him worse, than with an *Ipse dixit* ; yet shall urge the common Consent of the Learned, to authorize his Doubts. In short, His whole Life is a Question, and his Salvation a much greater, which Death only concludes, and then he is resolv'd, and has his Answer.

A Stock-jobber.

IS a rational Animal, with a sensitive Understanding. He rises and falls like the ebbing and flowing of the Sea ; and his Paths are as unsearchable as hers are. He is one of *Pharaoh's* lean Kine in the midst of Plenty ; and to dream of him is almost an Indication of approaching Famine. He is ten times more changeable than the Weather ; and the living Insect from which the Grasshopper on the Royal-Bourse was drawn, never leap'd from one Place to another, as he from one Number to another : Sometimes a Hundred and a half is too little for him, sometimes Half a hundred is too much ; and he falls seven times a Day, but not like *David*, on his Knees, to beg pardon for former Sins, but to be made capable of sinning again. He came in with the *Dutch*, and he had freed us from as great a Plague as they were, had he been so kind as to have went out with 'em. He is a Contradiction in Terms, and lowers the Price of Things on purpose to raise it. He lives on the *Exchange*, but his *Dwelling* cannot be said to be the Place
of

of his *Abode*, for he *abides* no where, he is so inconstant and uncertain. Ask him what Religion he professes, he cries, *He'll sell you as cheap as any Body*; and what value such an Article of Faith is of, his Answer is, *I'll give you as much for a Debenture, as the best Chapman thereabout shall*. He cannot be said to be an Hypocrite, for he makes his boast of overreaching those he deals with; and to give him the Name of a *Heathen*, is to do him the greatest Injustice, for he calls upon God frequently, as a Witness of his Sincerity. As for Christianity, he is likewise as far to seek for it; for though he has been *Baptiz'd*, it will be highly improper to say he is *Confirm'd*, unless it be in Impudence, and the Tricks of Merchandize. He is one of those, that in defiance to our Saviour's Commands, buys and sells in the Temple, and there is ready at any time to hazard his own Soul, for a Judgment against another Man's Body. He's a mere Occasional Conformist; a Nettle in all its Qualifications; touch him gently, and he'll sting you to some purpose, squeez him hard, that is, play him Trick for Trick, and he will never hurt you. Tho' he is wicked, you cannot say his Principles are so, for he has none; they are *Non Entities* in his Nature, and things not to be found. He is fam'd for Injustice, yet he is a Master of *Equity* in one particular to perfection, for he cheats every body alike, and is *Equal* in all his Undertakings. The Den from which this Beast of Prey bolts out, is *Jonathan's Coffee-house*, or *Garraway's*, and a Man that goes into either,

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ought to be as circumspect as if in an Enemy's Country : A Dish of Tea there, may be as dear to him as a good Purchase, and a Man that is over-reach'd in either, tho' no Drunkard, may be said to have drank away his Estate. He may be call'd a true Unbeliever, and out of the Pale of the Church, for he has no Faith. Is a mere *Tolandist* in secular Concerns, at the very minute that he is ready to take up any Goods upon Trust that shall belong to his Neighbour. *St. Paul's Cathedral* would be a Mansion-House fit for a Deity indeed, in his Opinion, did but the Merchants meet there ; and he can give you no substantialer a Reason for liking *Salter's-Hall* better than the Church, than because of its being a House of Traffick and Commerce, and the Sale being often held there. He is the Child of God in one sense only, and that is, by reason of his bearing his Image, but the Devil's in many, for he fights under his Standard. To make an end of a Subject that is endless ; He has the Figure of a Man, but the Nature of a Beast, and either triumphs over his Fellow-Adventurers, as he eats the Bread of other Peoples Carefulness, and drinks the Tears of Orphans and Widows, or being made himself Food for others, grows at last constant to one Place, which is the *Compter*, and the fittest House for such an unaccountable Fellow to make up his Accounts in.

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F I N I S.

